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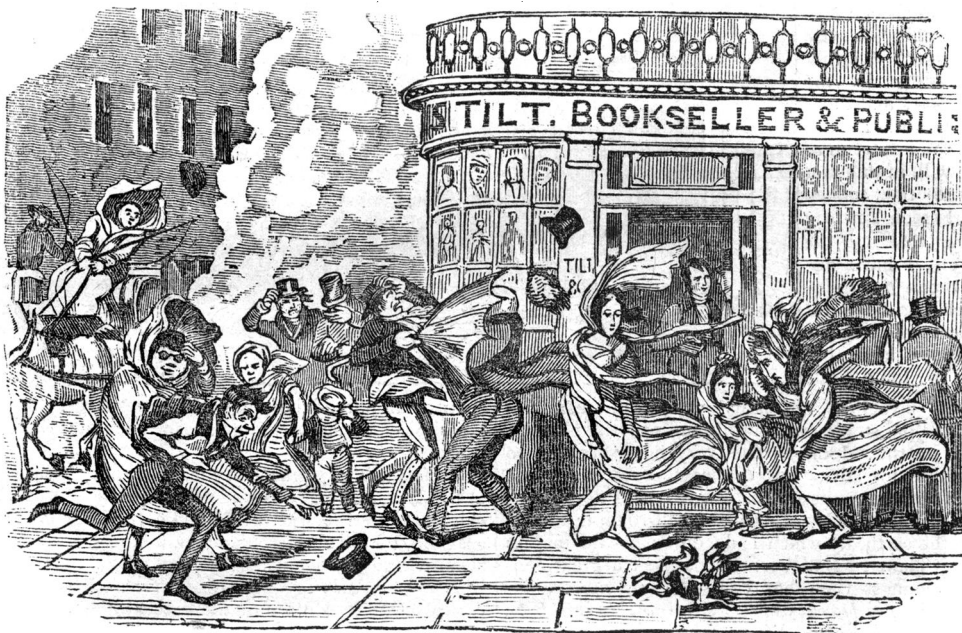
THE
DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY P. DIXON HARDY, M.R.I.A.

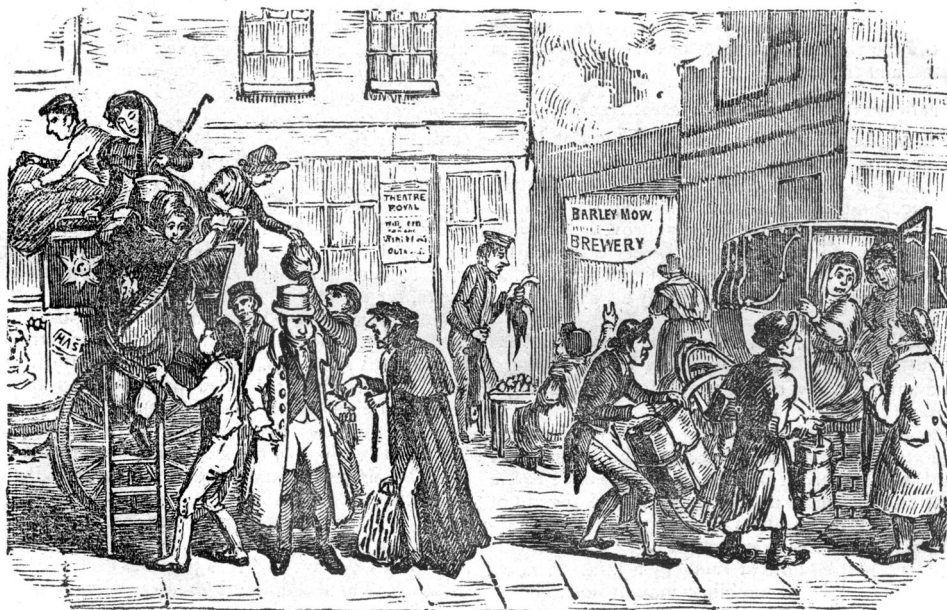
Vol. III.

JANUARY 3, 1835.

No. 131.



“Blow high, blow low,” or March in the Metropolis.



The Return to Town—a Scene in October.

THE COMIC ALMANACK FOR 1835

Is really worthy of Cruikshank. In several of the illustrations, which are lithographed on tinted paper, there is a fund of humour worth the price of the entire calendar; and which would actually some few years since, printed on larger paper, have cost that price. The little work,

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with the exception of the mere calculations contained in an ordinary almanack, is a severe tho' well deserved satire on the empiricism and impostures of such worthies as Mr. Francis Moore, and his notorious allies, the quack doctors, who have so long gulled honest John Bull with their *postulates* and *pills*.

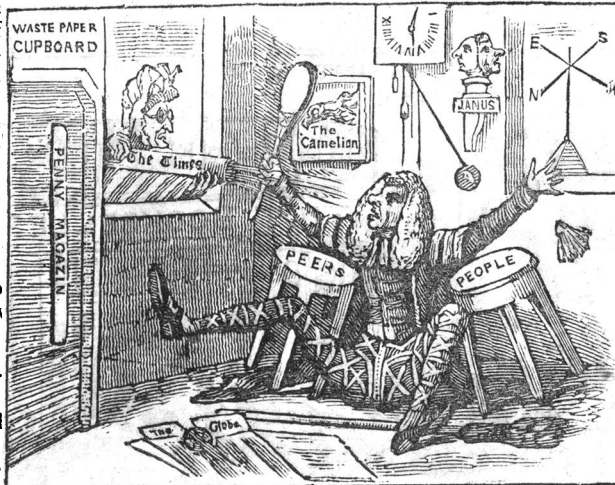
The humour in the engravings we have endeavoured to transfer to our wood-cuts; they have, however, necessarily lost a considerable portion of the spirit in the transfer. They are evidently "Scenes from Nature," and "Life in

London," during the months of *March* and *October*;—those for the other months are equally good.

In the letter press there are numerous excellent hits at the men and manners of the age—*ex. g.*, under the head

"HUMBUGGUM ASTROLOGICUM PRO ANNO 1835."

COURTEOUS READER—Stepping in the steps of my late worthy and much lamented prototype, Francis Moore, deceased, I herewith present you with my hieroglyphic, "*adapted to the TIMES.*" "Its interpretation is in the womb of time," and those who do pry with curious eyes into the mysteries of the stars, will, in due season, divine the hidden meaning thereof. Yet may I observe, that by the rules of art, I have discovered, that a *fiery planet*, which has been for some time located in the *upper house*, and has been for a long while ceive divers juveniles, o wards, seated on stools, &c. The man in the Moon metamorphose his sticks cobwebs of ignorance ther about half a million miles rection of the earth, by w towards this planet. But sternation amongst the o cially in the *Upper House*, opposition with *Mars*; and *Saturn* (who hath grown *Grey*) hath, in striving to part them, lost the skirts of his coat, and is glad to put up with a *Spencer*, whereby is clearly shadowed forth a fierce encounter between two great commanders. Let those, who think little of law and justice, read the ten thousand volumes of the Abridgment of the Statutes, and tremble!



PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

At the Philosophical Institution, held at the Pig and Tinder Box, in Liquorpond-street, a letter was read by Sawny Suck-Egg, Esq., on the possibility of extending the realms of space, and adding to the duration of eternity. In the same essay, he also satisfactorily proved, that two and *too* do not make four; that *BLACK* is very often white; and that a Chancery suit has shewn to many a man, that what has a beginning does not necessarily always have an end.

A successful method of converting stones into bread has been transmitted to the New Poor Law Commissioners, and a three-and-sixpenny medal presented to the ingenious discoverer thereof.

Zoological Society at Hookem Snivey.—A new animal has been transmitted from No-Man's-Land, which has been named the Flat-Catcher. It bears some resemblance to the human species, as it walks on two legs, and has the gift of speech. It seems quite in its element when among pigeons, and preys ravenously on the gulls that hover about watering places, getting hold of them by a kind of fascination, which throws its unconscious victims entirely off their guard, when it never fails to make them bleed profusely; after which, it suffers them to depart.

A laborious investigator has discovered, that there are exactly nine millions one hundred and sixty-four thousand five hundred and thirty-three hairs on a tom-cat's tail, which he defies all the zoologists in Europe to disprove. He also maintains, that a bull sees with its horns, and a rat with its tail, although he admits the possibility of their doing so without them.

It was stated at the last meeting of this institution, that one of its members had observed a tremendous water-

lord of the ascendant, has come in fiery opposition with *Scorpio*; while *Taurus* hath flung a quarrel ray at both of them.

ASS-TROLOGICAL PREDICTIONS.

I now proceed to put on my conjuring cap, and show forth the wonders of the stars.

On looking at the moon, through my 500-horse power telescope, which magnifieth the planets ninety-seven millions of times larger than life, I discern, that the march of intellect hath already travelled to that luminary; for I do distinctly per-hames-street; and sensid been felt at Puddle-

the antiquities presented leopatra's corns, and the darned her hose; also, a and the fragment of a ins of Palmyra.

street.—A very animated

atural history of the flea, involving many curious conjectures, such as, whether it had ever been known to have attained the size of the elephant; whether it was of the same species with the hog-in-armour and the rhinoceros, or was to be classed among the *Jumpers*; how high and how often it leaped; whether it always looked before it leaped; and whether it leaped highest in Leap Year; the further discussion of all which queries was deferred till the said Leap Year.

The Horticultural Society of Seven Dials has been presented, by the Society of Antiquaries, with the identical pumpkin converted by the fairy into Cinderella's chariot.

Premiums have been awarded by various learned bodies to the following:—

To Henry Broom, for the application of the crab motion, and the "do-as-little-as-possible" principle, to the state engine. To Lord Durham, in conjunction with the above, for an improved mode of progression for the said engine, namely, by each pulling the opposite way. To Signor Paganini, for an improved mode of extracting gold from catgut scrapings, and of skinning flints. To Miss Harriet Martineau, for a new preventive check-string for the regulation of the fare (*fair*). To the proprietor of Morison's Pills for the discovery of the *perpetual motion*. To the Society for the Confusion of Useful Knowledge, for their successful endeavours in be-Knight-ing the public intellect.

ADVERTISEMENTS EXTRAORDINARY.

British Humbug College of Health.—The wonderful efficacy of the MORISING PILLS becomes every day more perspicuous. The discerning Public swallows 'em 'like winking; and we defies all opposition, and the *Weakly* attempts of our enemies, to *Dispatch* us. We tells those as calls us quacks, that, under the blessing of Divine Providence, we glories in our ignorance; and takes every opportunity of exposing it, for the benefit of our suffering fellow-creatures. And we have found them a *sovereign* remedy for ourselves; having, for a long while, been afflicted with an emptiness of the chest, and a great deficiency of the *yellow stuff*, all which terrible symptoms have speedily disappeared; so we feels in duty bound to propagate our pills to the remotest prosperity.

The following are selected out of several millions of cases, furnished by a single agent, in a most sensible letter, to prove the never-to-be-enough-wondered-at wonderful efficacy of the Hy-gee-wo-ian Medicines.

MOST RESPECTED SIR,

Having been appointed your agent, and, therefore, influenced, like yourself, by the most disinterested motives, I make it a point to recommend them on all occasions, and always in sufficiently large doses, on which I observe you lay peculiar stress; and very justly; for does it not follow, as a matter of course, that if six pills do a certain quantity of good, six thousand must, as a natural consequence, do six thousand times as much more good, and the patient must be six thousand times the better for them? There are some censorious folks who insinuate, that the more pills I sell, the more money I get by them; but I need not assure you, that, in this respect, my motives are quite as disinterested as your own. Yours, ever to command,

FRANCIS FLEECE'EM.

P. S.—Please to send me a dozen wagon loads of No. 1 Pills, and the same of No. 2 Pills, as early as possible. I hand you the following cases, which have come under my own knowledge:

To the Haygent for the Morising Pils.

ONERR'D SUR,

THIS hear kums 2 akwaint you that havein lost my happy-tight i tuk to takein your Morising Pils witch i only begun with takein 5 hundred hat a time witch had the blessed defect of turnin me inside out and I felt in a very pekooliar cityvation witch discouraged me 2 parsewere and i tuk 1 thousen hat a doze by witch I was turned outside in by witch my happytight was kwite discovered witch was a grate bleisin for my whife who is bigg in the famlyar way with 12 smal childern with grate happytights all threw your pills and I ham now Abel to wurk and yarn my 12 shillin a weak So no more hat presnt from your umbel Ser'vt to command

GREGORY GUDGEON.

No. 9, Nobody-knows-where Street, Jericho,
Feb. the 32d, 1836.

SIR—I beg to inform you, that a poor man was blown to atoms by the explosion of the Powder Mills on Hounslow Heath. His affectionate wife, who happened to be passing at the time, carefully picked up the fragments, and placed them together; and, by administering a dose of the Universal Medicine, he was able to walk home, and eat a hearty dinner of bacon and cabbage.

If any person should doubt the truth of the above statement, I beg you will refer them to me, when I will fully satisfy all inquiries. I am easily found out,—as every body knows me. Your obedient servant,

GILES GAMMON.

No. 1, Blarneygig Place, Salisbury Plain,
next door to Stonehenge.

P. S.—I forgot to add, that the poor woman, in the hurry of the moment, made a small mistake, by placing the head of a donkey, which had been blown off by the explosion, upon her husband's shoulders, instead of his own; but she says it is of very little consequence, as very few of his acquaintance could perceive any difference.

THE "WISDOM OF OUR ANCESTORS."

"The way to be certainly loved, is to take the marrow of a wolf's left foot, and make of it a sort of pomatum, with ambergris and cyprus powder, carry it about one, and cause the person to smell of it from time to time."—*Alber-tus*, p. 12.

"To prevent differences and a divorce betwixt a man and his wife, take two quails' hearts, the one of a male, the other of a female, and cause the man to carry about him the male, and the woman the female."—*Thiers*, t. 1, p. 389.

The humbug prophecies of Francis Moore are thus turned into ridicule:

PROGNOSTICS FOR JANUARY.

Weather likely to be cold,
If the frost is very old:
If no snow should chance to fall,
Then, perhaps, no frost at all.

FOR FEBRUARY.

Rain or hail, snow or sleet
In this month you're sure to meet.

If you don't why then you won't:
Perhaps there won't be one nor t'other,
Why then 'twill happen in some other.

MORAL TO THE FOREGOING.

While we venerate what is deserving of veneration let us not forget, that quackery, knavery, bigotry, and superstition always merit exposure and castigation.

COMFORTS OF THE SEASON.

Chilblains sore on all your toes,
Icicles hang from your nose;
Rheumatis' in all your limbs;
Noddle full of aches and whims;
Chaps upon your hands and lips,
And lumbago in your hips.
To your bed you shiv'ring creep,
There to freeze, but not to sleep;
For the sheets, that look so nice,
Are to you two sheets of ice;
Wearied out, at length you doze,
And snatch, at last, a brief repose;
Dream all night that you're a dab,
Lying on fishmonger's slab.
While indulging in a snore,
There comes a rap at chamber door;
Screaming voice of Betty cries:
"If you please, it's time to rise."
Up you start, and, on the sheet,
Find your breath is chang'd to sleet;
Tow'rd's the glass you turn your view,
Find your nose of purple hue,
Looking very like, I trow,
Beet-root in a field of snow.
You would longer lie, but nay,
Time is come—you must away,
Out you turn, with courage brave,
Slip on drawers—and then to shave!
Seize the jug, and in a trice,
Find the water chang'd to ice:
Break the ice, and have to rue
That you've broke the pitcher too.
Water would not run before;
Now, it streams upon the floor,
Threat'ning with a fearful doom,
Ceiling of the drawing-room.
In the frenzy of despair,
You seize you don't know what, nor care,
Mop up all the wet and dirt,
And find you've done it with your shirt,
Your *only* shirt all filth and slosh,
For a'l the rest are in the wash.
Into bed you turn again,
Ring the bell with might and main,
Stammer' out to Betty, why
'Twi'x the sheets you're forc'd to lie,
'Till, pitying your feelings hurt,
She dabs you out another shirt.

Thus far then, good reader, have we copied the sayings of Rigdum Funnidos, Gent. For the remainder of the "right merry cuts" and pleasant conceits of Mr. George Cruikshank, we refer you to the little work, which is well worth its price.

Thirty days hath September, April, June and November,
February, twenty-eight alone, all the rest have thirty-one.

THE ALMANACK OR CALENDAR

FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD,

1835,

BEING

THE THIRD AFTER LEAP YEAR, THE FIFTH YEAR OF THE REIGN OF KING
WILLIAM IV. AND THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR OF THE UNION.

EXPLANATION OF THE MARKS.

* High Tides at Dublin Bar. † Nights of the greatest
moonlight. ‡ Bank Holidays. § Courts do not sit.
See the following pages.]